The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

GORDON MAXWELL, baritone

assisted by

SYLVIA SHADICK, piano

Friday, March 13, 1981 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Recit and Aria: "Mache Dich Mein Herze Rein"
(From Matthäus Passion) (1729). . . . . .Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

3 Songs. . . . . Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
Ganymed (1817)
Der Doppelgänger (1828)
An Schwager Kronos (1816)

Don Quichotte a Dulcinée (1933). . . . . .Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)
Chanson romanesque
Chanson epique
Chanson à boire

3 Shakespeare Songs (1905) . . . . . .Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)
Come Away Death
O Mistress Mine
Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr. Maxwell.

Recitative and Aria (Matthäuspassion)

Recitative

In the evening, when it was cool,
Adam's fall was manifest.
In the evening the Redeemer casts him down;
In the evening the dove returned
And carried an olive leaf in his mouth.
O beautiful time! O evening hour!
Peace is now made with God,
For Jesus has endured His cross.
His body comes to rest.
Ah, dear soul, perithee
Go, bid them give thee the dead Jesus!
O wholesome, O precious keepsake!

Aria

Make thyself clean, my heart,
I myself will entomb Jesus,
For He shall henceforth in me,
For ever and even,
Take His sweet rest.
World begone, let Jesus in!

Ganymed

How in the morning sun
You glowing surround me,
Spring, my Beloved!
With thousandfold joy of love
Crowding to my heart
Of your unchanging glow
Holy sensation,
Infinite beauty!

So that I feign would
Clasp you in these arms!

Ah, at your bosom
I'm lying and thirsting,
And your flowers, your grass
Urge towards my heart!
You cool the burning
Thirst of my breast,
Caressing morning breeze!
And the nightingale, too, sings
Lovingly calling from misty vales.

I'm coming, I'm coming.
Wherto, ah, whereto?

Upward, upward it urges.
The clouds are floating
Downward the clouds
Incline toward the yearning love.
Toward me, toward me
In your lap, upwards!
Embracing, embraced
Upward to you, loving Father!

An Schwager Kronos (To the Coachdriver Kronos)

Step on it, Kronos,
Let's go at a good sparking trot!
The path is down hill,
Your delaying brings
A giddiness to my head.
Onwards, even though the going's rough,
Over stones and boulders,
Headlong into the midst of life.

Now again already
You stop for a breather,
On the weary uphill path.
Come on then, don't be lazy,
Strive hopefully upwards.

Far-ranging, high and wonderful
We see round about lies life,
From high peak to high peak,
The eternal spirit of eternal life
Hovers full of foreboding.

The one side the shade of the jutting roof
Attracts you,
And on the doorstep a fair maid's
Shooting glances that promise delight.
Refresh yourself! Give me also, my girl
This frothy tankard,
This fresh health-giving look!

Off then, more quickly, let's go!
See the sun is sinking!
Before the sun goes, before I, an old man,
Am caught by mist on the moor,
Toothless gums chatter,
And tottering limbs slouch.

Drunk from the last ray,
With a sea of fire
In the o'er brimming eye,
Blinded and swaying,
Sweep me into Hell's dark portals.

Sound your horn, my good man,
Speed your horses' hooves,
That the underwold may hear; we're coming,
So that already at the gates
Mine host may bid us welcome.

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Der Doppelgänger (The double phantom)

Still is the night, the streets are silent,
In this house my beloved lived;
She left the town long since,
Yet the house still stands in the
self same place.

There too, stands a man and gazes
Upwards,
Wringing his hands over whelmed with
Grief;
When I see his face I shudder-

The moon reveals my own image to me.

You double phantom, you pallid companion!
Why do you ape the agony of the love
That tortured me in this place
So many a night in days gone by?

Chanson Romanesque

If ever for rest you are yearning,
I'll hush the winds and seas, my love,
I will say to the sun above,
"Cease in your flight, stay in your turning!"

If ever for morning you sigh,
The stars I will hide and their wonder,
The splendour of heav'n tear asunder
And banish the night from the sky.

If space lost in chaos was over you,
Filling your soul with nameless fear,
Godlike I'd come, shaking my spear,
And sow the stars, radiant before you!

But if ever I hear you cry,
"Give me your life! Prove how you love me!"
Darkness will fall shadows above me
Blessing you still, then I shall die!
O Dulcinée.

Chanson Epique

Saint Michael come! My lady bring to me,
Unto my soul her presence lending,
Saint Michael come! Her champion let me be,
With knightly grace her fame defending.
Saint Michael come! To earth descending
With good Saing George before the shrine
Of the Madonna with face divine.

May the light of heaven on my sword be lying,
Give to my spirit purity, and lend my heart
Sweet pity.
And lift my soul in ecstacy
My Lady!

O good Saint George and Saint Michael,
hear me!
An angel watches ever near me
My own beloved, like, so like to you,
Madonna, maid divine!
Amen

Chanson à boire

Lady adored, wherefore this sorrow?
I live in your glances divine,
Say not that love, love and good wine,
Brings to us mortals grief tomorrow.

Drink then-drink to joy!
For good wine makes you laugh like a merry boy!
Ah, ah, ah! to you,
Drink on, drink to joy.

Who wants a maiden,
Who mopes all the day long?
Silent and pale, never a song.
Frowning to see her lover a drinking!

Drink then....